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## COMMENCEMENT DAY IN THE SENATE.

THE TWIN VALEDICTORIANS, TOM AND CHAUNCE.—As we go forth into the world to fight the battle of life, let us keep ever before us the resolves that we make here to-day. Let us be honest and upright; let us be straightforward and steadfast; let us be true to ourselves and to the country which we love. Finally, when trials and temptations assail us—for trials and temptations await us all—let us swerve not a hair's-breadth from duty's path, but by probity, industry and abounding faith, triumphantly prove our beloved class motto, *The Old Guard Dies, but Never Resigns*.



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.  
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## "What Fools These Mortals Be!"

THE STRANGEST thing about the Beef Trust exposé is that neither Hearst nor Pulitzer "did it."

IF SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY fails to get a brand-new library, some marble dormitories, a stadium and a memorial gate or two, it will not be Chancellor Day's fault.

IN SELECTING that Bryan Reception Committee, don't forget the gentlemen, the insurance men and others, who "saved the country's honor" in 1896 and 1900.

WHEN TEXAS fruit growers decreed that pickers should wear muzzles, there was an instantaneous strike. On the other hand, there has never been any occasion for muzzles in Packingtown.

COMMISSIONER BINGHAM, when pleased, has been heard to say "Bully!" A certain predecessor of his, now in Washington, used to use the same word to express the same sentiments. Is Bingham privately convinced that the surest route to the White House is via Mulberry Street? Under what circumstances, we wonder, is the Police Commissioner "delighted."

CURUP! June brides are ripe.—*Evening Mail.*

But most of them are green.

RELIABLE BOMBS, which a year ago cost 5 rubles, can now be had in Russia for 40 kopecks. "A special" for Mondays at 29 kopecks would make a hit with the lady bombists.

SPEAKING OF things of no particular consequence, there's the June bridegroom.

THE BRITISH ARMY is to be reduced. No; no fresh trouble with the Boers. Just economy.

"A POLICEMAN'S DUTY," sings a youthful poet, "is to do and dare." That is, to do as many as he dares.

MAYOR DUNNE says that any man who has once served a term as Mayor of Chicago is entitled to eternal bliss in the realms beyond. But supposing there is no municipal ownership in the realms beyond. How can there be eternal bliss?

PRESIDENT CASSATT of the Pennsylvania says that he never received any stocks or presents of any sort and was never party to any discriminations. Is n't it part of a high-salaried officer's duty to see that his subordinates, particularly those in his own private office, are equally spotless?

THE *World* sent a cablegram to William Jennings Bryan in Dresden, Germany, last week and the answer came back, "Party not known." How altogether nice it would be, from the Willie Hearst standpoint, if Bryan could run for president — in Dresden.

PEOPLE THINK they are very cultured when they refer to underclothes as lingerie.—*Atchison Globe.*

Is this a drawing-room topic in Kansas?



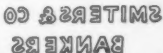
'ORRIBLE!

JOHN BULL.—That 'ouse hopposite is a beastly filthy 'ouse.



## AN INSIDE STORY.

"Sure!" they creaked in unison.



WE certainly have some right to consider ourselves a great people. Where is there another people who can cheer so long, without stopping, and without knowing what for?



THE FINISH OF THE BOAT RACE.  
AS SEEN FROM THE OBSERVATION TRAIN.



#### AESOP UP-TO-DATE.

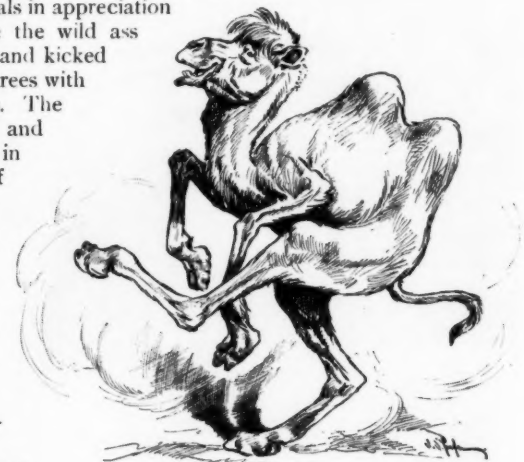
##### THE MONKEY AND THE CAMEL.

ONCE upon a time the animals of the forest decided that it would be a good move to give a grand entertainment, with a view to founding a home each for the old ladies and old gentlemen of the trackless wilds. At least they concluded that such an end would certainly be a good excuse for the sort of entertainment which they desired to give. On the day named for the show the animals appeared upon the scene and the festivities began amid howls of applause from each and every viewpoint.

The first performer was a tailless ashes of roses monkey whose eyes became whirling pinwheels of passion as he looked the assemblage over preparatory to spinning airily and fairly, as well as daintily and artistically, upon the "light fantastic," until he should, so to speak, become a howling vortex of spiritually unleashed simian, and to such an extent as to create a frou frou similar to that of bacon on a red-hot fire. The delighted onlookers were ignorant of the fact that the monkey, about to whirl for their amusement, as well as for the bodily comfort of the old ladies and gentlemen, had recently come ashore on a cracker barrel from a wreck, and that he had formerly danced from one end of the United States to the other on the top of a hand-organ, to the dreamy strains of Verdi, Gounod and other masters with whose music he was on terms of professional intimacy. Therefore the onlookers could not understand the exquisite grace and daintiness of his figures. He whirled and pirouetted, as he had seen the poor children of the tenement regions whirl

and pirouette. He was fierce and gentle by turns, first interpreting the mad passion of the whirlwind howling over the snowdrifts, and then the languishing zephyr toying with the moon-kissed violets. In his various rhythms he illustrated the tempo of the sonata and the fugue, for being familiar with all the classical masterpieces, he was able to hum them to himself as he danced, and thus played them from memory with his feet, as any piano master discourses them with his fingers. Such dancing the animals had never seen or dreamed of before, and the elephant flapped his ears together like cymbals in appreciation of the treat, while the wild ass leaped into the air and kicked cocoanuts off the trees with his hinder members. The others howled and kicked and jumped in acknowledgment of the rapture which the terpsichorean monkey had caused them to experience, while the nimble performer somersaulted from the scene to the tempo of a favorite fantasia in A-minor.

The next performer to appear upon the scene



"Like a freight-car loaded with pig-iron."

**O**f many a discontented man it may be said that if he knew his place he might like it better.



was a camel, a lumbering specimen whose grace of action was of the ice-wagon variety. But it could be seen at once by the densest intellect present, that he was on the spot filled with a willingness to do his best for the old ladies and gentlemen of the trackless wilds whose homes the animals had determined to organize. It was so plain that the camel depended entirely on main strength and not on agility in what he was about to undertake, that not an animal felt certain as to what his performance would be. Many thought that he would deliver a short lecture, and tell them the joys of being able to fill one's various stomachs, some with Swiss cheese sandwiches, and some with beer, as he did himself, and to enjoy them in an epicurean manner for a period of several weeks after the swallowing process. Greatly to the astonishment of the onlookers, however, the camel attempted to dance, and it could be seen in the expression of his face, he felt that as the monkey had scored a hit at dancing, he would dance also, believing that the success of the Simian lay entirely in the fondness of the congregated animals for dancing and not at all in the monkey's skill. When he began there was a roar of sarcasm and merriment, for the camel's attempts at whirling were like those of a freight-car loaded with pig-iron going around a curve on an up grade. He simply stamped and pounded the ground out of shape, and in so unmusical a manner that he sounded as if he was falling down a winding stairway. If he danced to amuse the other animals it cannot be truthfully said that he failed, and it may be furthermore said that if the monkey opened the entertainment, the camel closed it, for at a signal given by the elephant, the crowd pitched into the camel with clubs and chased him from the scene, and that was the end of the project relative to the move to build a home for the old ladies and gentlemen of the trackless wilds.



ILLUSTRATED PLATITUDES.

"HOW FRESH EVERYTHING LOOKS AFTER THE RAIN!"

The moral of this fable teaches us that while imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, it is still not worth its weight in wind pudding when it does not get there.

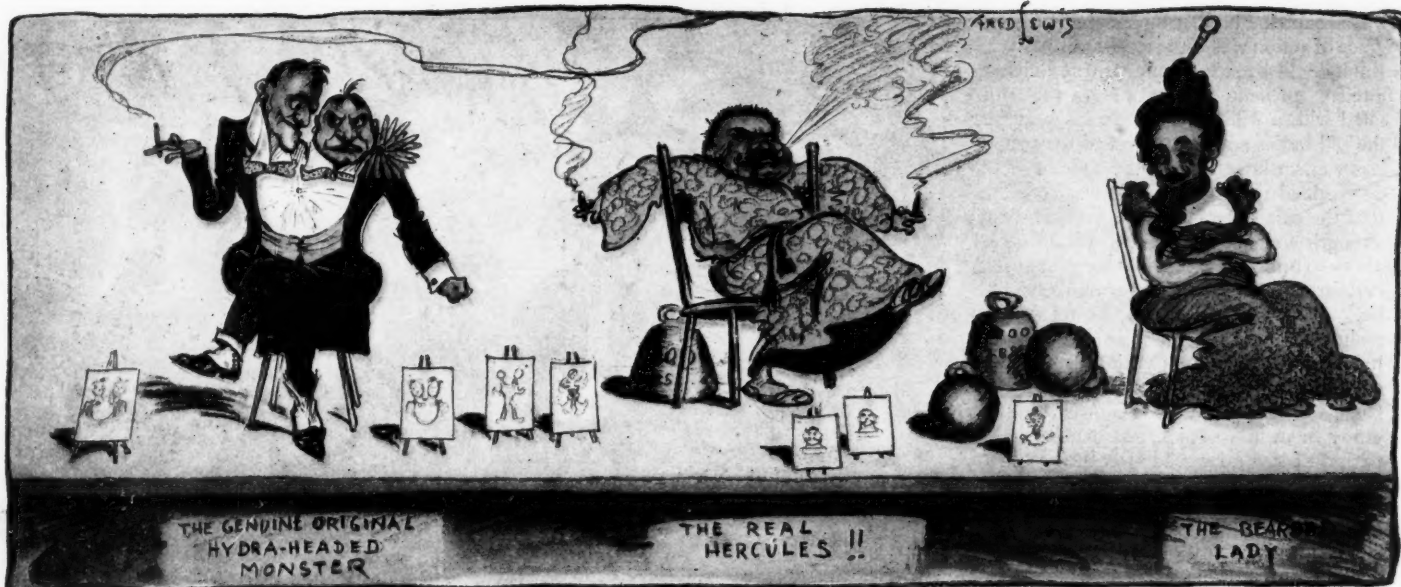
R. K. Munkittrick.



FOR EVENING WEDDINGS IN JUNE.

WHEN THE TEMPERATURE IN THE CHURCH IS 98°, WHY NOT BE MARRIED IN COMFORT?

# PUCK



## A FREAK SITUATION.

THE LEFT HAND HEAD (*to the right hand head*).—You're a hades of a side-partner, you are! Here I'm blacklisted as a scab by the Freaks' Union just because *you* won't join!

## REMINDERS.



DEAR JIM," the auto-driver wrote from Uncle Hiram's farm,  
"This rural life enraptures me—I find it full of charm.  
The fresh air wafts familiar sounds, the busy bees convene  
And hum just like the motor in my new De Whizz machine.

"The crickets with their click, click, click at night my  
ears accost—  
The noise is similar, dear Jim, to motor bike exhaust;  
And when my good aunt shoos the hens back into  
their abode,  
Methinks I hear a runabout choo-chooing down the road.

"The geese that dabble in the pond cry out at early morn,  
In voices that remind me of the honking auto horn;  
And uncle's racking windmill—it is music in my ears—  
I close my eyes and it becomes the clash of changing gears.

"The dust blows from the turnpike road whene'er a team  
goes past;  
It fills my eyes just as it does when one is driving fast.  
And best of all, the smell is here—for this I'll gladly vouch—  
For aunt oft sprinkles gasoline about my downy couch."

Charles R. Barnes.

## THE UNAVAILABLE.

"No, I don't see how I can sawter commence to go,"  
reluctantly said a certain prominent citizen of the  
Arkansas neighborhood of 'Possum Trot. "I ain't fitten  
for publicity—nuthin' proper to wear."

"Hoh!" skeptically replied one of the informally-  
concatenated delegation of his fellow-citizens, who wished  
him to represent them at the Governor's reception. "You  
had a purt' fair black suit the last thing I knowed, and  
whur 's that there plug-hat you won at a raffle two years,  
or such a matter, ago?"

"Well, now, I'll just tell you how it is: My son-in-law  
borrowed my black suit, once upon a time, as they say in  
stories, and has worn it so often since that he's got to be-  
lievin' he owns it, and if I wanted it back I reckon I'd have  
to fight him for it; and wife, she has took and set a dominicker  
hen in the hat, and the reception is next Thursday and she won't be  
through till about the middle of the follerin' week—the hen, I mean,  
not my wife—and you all know how dominicker hens, also wives and  
son-in-laws, are when they are interrupted in their plans. Nope! I  
don't see how I can mingle in the festivities, any way in the world."

## RAPID.

A MAN proposed some sort of a new thing and the public forthwith  
stoned him to death. By the time they had him killed, how-  
ever, the thing was become an old thing.

"Why not finish the fellow's business at once and get it off our  
mind?" said the public, and, suiting the action to the word, raised  
up statues in honor of the man and made his birthday a national  
holiday, when two games of baseball were played. Time had been  
when these transactions would have been spread over a century or so,  
but now, so fast an age was it, there still lacked an hour of sunset.



## AT THE PAWNBROKERS' PICNIC.

MR. RAPHAEL.—Vol vos all der  
oxidement offer here on dis alley?

MR. SOAKBAUM.—Vy, choost loog at Cohenstein! He iss  
powling three palls at vunce und has made nine strikes mitout a  
preak.

**I**n some houses they are getting to call the janitor the concierge, among other things.



## June Josh.

### WHAT TO EAT.

Now that the Neill-Reynolds report is made public, what shall we eat?—*Daily Paper.*

WHAT shall I eat? I will no longer feed  
On meat and cater to the packer's greed.

Let's see. There's fish—as fresh as e'er was seen—  
Made fresh by rubbing it with vaseline.  
The market man "restores" and "touches up"  
The somewhat faded fish on which I sup.  
There's "full cream cheese" that's innocent of cream,  
For things, you know, are seldom what they seem.  
There's butter—more skimmed milk solidified  
After a dosing with formaldehyde.



What shall I eat? Perhaps some tea and cake.  
The cake is made with "bottled eggs," "egg  
flake,"

Or other doctored product of the hen,  
Laid long ago—I know not where or when:  
The tea, touched up with graphite, comes—  
who knows?—

From China or—more likely—from  
Cohoes.

There's raspberry jam, made up of  
equal parts  
Of apple cores and glucose—nice on  
tarts.

But why continue the enumeration  
Of substitution and adulteration  
Until the thought of eating makes one ill?  
And yet I scan the café's dismal bill.

For I must eat. What shall I eat? Ho, waiter!  
Fetch me two boiled eggs and a baked p'tater.

### LIT'RY GOSSIP.

Miss May Sinclair author of the "Divine Fire," says that she thinks  
in the country and works in the city.—*The Critic.*

American writers are like their English cousins in that respect.  
They seldom think and write in the same place.

James Huneker does all his thinking in a cathedral, but writes  
in a merry-go-round. Thus his thoughts are profound and his style  
vertiginous.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke develops his plumbless thoughts in a dark-  
room and writes in sunlight on a housetop.



### WHERE THEY DWELL.

ACTRESS (on Broadway,  
1920).—Fixed for next season  
yet, Trixie?

THE COMIC OPERA  
QUEEN.—Not yet; I'm going  
up to look for an angel now.

F. Hopkinson Smith thinks before an open wood fire in town  
and writes in a lighthouse by the sea.

Hamilton Wright Mabie thinks automatically, so it does not  
matter where his thoughts are ticked out. He writes in a cozy corner.

Upton Sinclair does his thinking in a captive balloon and writes  
in a padded studio.

Authors are frightfully interesting, don't you think?



### GIFT.

HER Papa gave the bride away.  
The groom turned deadly white.  
"The old man," people whispered,  
"Has given him a fright."

The whirligig of time brings in its ironic revenges.  
Bryan the political anarch has become "that wise and con-  
servative statesman," while so prudent and thoughtful an  
observer as Chancellor Day speaks of anarchy in the White  
House. What lightning progress we seem to be making!  
Seem—for in reality there is little change. Mr. Bryan thinks  
about the same as he thought in 1896, and Mr. Roosevelt  
would not dream of disturbing the existing order of things;  
he is for improvement, not change. The recrudescence of  
Mr. Bryan has had one good effect: it has put a crimp in the  
Hearst boomlet which people who like a quiet life must  
hope will be permanent.

"It is preposterous to believe for a moment that the great Chi-  
cago firms, with hundreds of millions of dollars invested in their busi-  
ness, are or could be guilty of the sensational charges against them."  
—*Mr. Armour.*

Certainly. It was preposterous to believe that Messrs.  
Hyde, McCall, McCurdy *et als* were or could be guilty of  
the sensational charges against them. Besides, there are one  
or two places in the Orient that are filthier than the Chicago  
stock yards.

It is bad tactics for the Socialists to join the exposers.  
For if we remedy the crying ills we shall have no need of  
Socialism. By the same token, if we don't clean house we  
shall have Socialism good and plenty. Then let the galled pluto-  
crat wince. Our withers can stand it.

Everybody seems to be sailing.—*Town Topics.*  
Except father.

B. L. T.



ON THE POOL ROOM DECK.



LUNCHEON.—These gentlemen are going abroad to "rest."



THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

TAPPING THE WIRELESS.—"Hustle, Bill! Mudskate won the first!"

GAMBLING BY V  
AS IT WILL BE WHEN OCEAN LINERS





THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

ING BY WIRELESS.

EN OCEAN LINERS ARE PROPERLY EQUIPPED.

At 7 bells yesterday afternoon the Ship's Police raided a game of shuffleboard. All the implements were captured and the players were held without bail. — From the Poopdeck Post.

# PUCK



## PLEASANT DREAMS.

THE PARK COP.—Come on! Git up out av here  
THE TRAMP (*dreamily*).—Wot's de matter, porter?  
Goin' ter make up de berths?

## HOME.

THERE is no place precisely like home, in America, although a servants' boarding-house, with a livery stable in connection, is a near approach.

The correct home atmosphere is elusive. About all we positively know concerning it is that it has to be pumped in by a ventilating apparatus costing at least \$20,000, which, in its turn, cannot be properly installed in a house costing less than half a million.

Tastes in homes are various. The sweet home is still found in remote settlements.

American men live mostly in clubs, thus ingeniously avoiding the housetop, on the one hand, and the contentious woman on the other.

Our ambition to own our own home is one of the stigmata of hysteria. The next thing will probably be an ambition to digest our own food.

A home is impossible without a woman to preside over it and a man to stagger under it.

## A NATURAL INQUIRY.

FARMER HONK.—My nephew, who graduated from the Academy, week before last, is a finished elocutionist.  
FARMER HORNBEAK.—That so? Kill him yourself?



FIRST AND  
SECOND TENOR.

BARITONE  
AND BASS.

SELECTION BY THE DEAF MUTES' QUARTET.

## DODGING IN ROME.

CORNELIA pointed to her children, with ill-concealed emotion. "These are my jewels!" she exclaimed. But the assessor only laughed, raucously. "Come off!" quoth he. "Do you think I was born yesterday?" "However, as luck would have it, the father of the Gracchi possessed political influence, and was able to swear off the bulk of his taxes later.

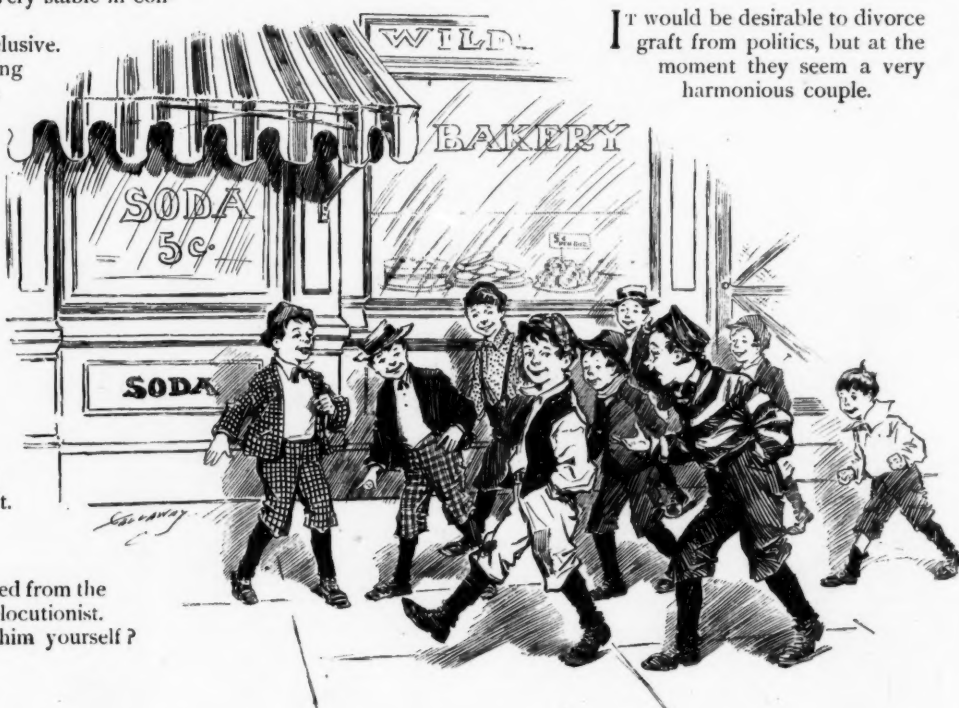
## IRREVOCABLE.

MORE mighty than the fire is she,  
More dread than earthquake tilt;  
When Bridget burns a porterhouse,  
It cannot be rebuilt.

## SAME THING TO HIM.

"ODDEST THING," observed the man with the introspective nose, "but I forget even the commonest sayings. For instance, at this moment I cannot complete that well known quotation 'All's fair in love and'—and so forth. How does it go, anyhow?" "All is fair in love and marriage," offered a subdued-looking man with rolling pin bumps all over his bald place.

It would be desirable to divorce graft from politics, but at the moment they seem a very harmonious couple.



## PUZZLE FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

WHICH OF THESE BOYS HAS MONEY FOR AN ICE CREAM SODA?

## HIS PERTINENT QUERY.

"IF you have n't got anything to do—and you don't 'pear to have—" grimly said the Old Codger, addressing the most paltry citizen in the village, "and no sense—and you don't evidence any symptoms of having—and no honesty—and you've never been accused of being cursed with any—and no self-respect—and there's no indications of it—and no ability to do anything but loaf and lop and lally-gag around—and you are clear up into the thirty-third degree at that—w'y'n'll (That's a Latin word that it's not worth while at present to stop to translate) don't you run for the legislature? You are amply equipped for the position; look at the fun you'd have, with all the Toms, Dicks and Harrys in the community hooraing for or against you; and if you *should* happen to be elected the dishonor would n't especially hurt you, and you've got no family to be disgraced. What say?"

THE advantage of praying for light is that in that way people are rather more apt to get just the light they wish.



# PUCK



TO GRATIFY THE SPEED MANIA.  
A CATAPULT RACE MEET FOR BLASE MOTORISTS.

## THE SONG OF THE SEARCH.



WITH garments crumpled and torn,  
With her heart in a desperate mood,  
A woman fumed in unwomanly rage  
Seeking a cooker of food.  
Search! search! search!  
By subway, by trolley, in church,  
Wherever she went, in dolorous voice  
She sang the song of her search!

Search! search! search!  
While the cock is crowing aloof!  
And search! search! search!  
For she has no cook,—forsooth!  
It's oh! for the days of slaves,  
When your servants dare not shirk,  
When ladies had never a dish to wash  
And were waited on like a Turk!

Search! search! search!  
Till your brain begins to swim!  
Search! search! search!  
Till you ache in every limb;  
A cook who will wash, or who won't,  
Or who condescends only to cook,  
It's always the same old tiresome game  
Whichever way you look!

With garments crumpled and torn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
She returns at night to a comfortless home  
And tumbles, weary, to bed.  
Search! search! search!  
Next day it begins again;  
And we fear it will be till eternity  
The burden of her refrain!

Edith H. Brown.

## DEAR FRIENDS.

CLARA.—That man Grace married is old enough to be her father.  
MYRTLE.—Oh, I think his age has been exaggerated; very few people live to be that old!



## HEAVENLY VISITS.

UNCLE JIM.—Vais, chile, I reckon I'se been around most evywhar?

LITTLE RASTUS.—Has yo evah been in Heaben, Uncle Jim?

UNCLE JIM.—Vais, chile; twice—de day I got married and de day 4-11-44 done come out!

**W**hat a catastrophe if the man in the moon should turn gossip!



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Manufactured of the finest Turkish tobacco possible to obtain, in the best equipped and largest cigarette factory in this country, they challenge comparison with any cigarette on the market. We would not be so positive in our claims were we not so sure of our position.

**25c.**

packet of ten.

Sold by Clubs, Hotels and Dealers the World over. If unobtainable locally, we will supply you direct on receipt of price.

**NESTOR GIANACIS CO.**

294 Roxbury Street, Boston, Massachusetts



**Wilson—**

The only whiskey that places a complete, guaranteed analysis on each & every bottle—See back label!

**That's All!**

PERFECTLY SAFE.

WEARY WALKER.—Say! yer a disgrace ter de profesh. I heard yer tellin' dat woman yer 'd saw some wood for her if she gev yer a meal.

RAGSON TATTERS.—G'on! Don't yer s'pose I made sure foist dat she did n't have no wood ter saw?—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

TO "SHOW OFF."

Elizabeth Stutely, black, shiny, clean, and very religious, lost her husband by a cave-in where he was digging a cellar, and when the time came for the funeral, she appeared dressed in deep black, but with white gloves, such as soldiers wear.

"Why, Aunt Lizzie," protested her mistress, "how did you happen to get white gloves?"

"Don't you s'pose, Missus, dat I wants dem niggahs to see dat I 'se got on gloves?"—*American Spectator*.

LETTERS GOT HER LOTS OF ALIMONY.

PATIENCE.—She has a dandy collection of love letters from the first man she ever loved.

PATRICE.—Did she marry the man?

"No."

"Then why does she keep the letters? I understand she's been married to four other men?"

"That's right, and divorced from all four. She used the letters in all of her divorce proceedings!"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

## SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous, swollen, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. By mail for 25c. in stamps. Don't accept any substitute. For FREE trial package, also Free Sample of the FOOT-EASE Sanitary CORN-PAD, a new invention, address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.



## THE GLORIOUS DAY.

AUNT DOPHY.—Gwine t' celebrate de Fou'th July up at yo' place, Mose?

UNCLE MOSE.—Vepy! Ah got a pile o' hard wood for de children t' split dat 'll make mo' noise den fire-crackers.

The first thing in the morning, if you need a brace should be a tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters in an ounce of sherry or a glass of soda. Try it.



TOO strong—too weak—few bar cocktails ever are exactly right? CLUB COCKTAILS are mixed unerringly, by measure, from the finest liquors procurable.

They cannot vary—each one is perfect because every mixture is aged and tested after it's measured.

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MURMUR of the mournful in Washington county: "Some land is so poor that it won't even raise the interest on a mortgage."—*Balt. Sun*.

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THE SUPREME AFTER-  
DINNER CORDIAL

Eagle Liqueur Distilleries

RHEINSTROM BROS.

Cincinnati, U. S. A.

THAT SCARED HIM.

"Say!" complained Mrs. Nuritch, "them habits of your father's make me sick. He 's been smokin' his pipe in the parlor—"

"Oh, that 's all right," interrupted Nuritch; "there won't be no more o' that. I spoke to Pop—"

"Huh! what 's the use you speakin' to him? He don't mind you."

"I know, but I told him if he did n't quit I 'd put the butler on to him." — *Catholic Standard and Times.*

STUNG!

BACON.—He called his store The Bee Hive, I believe.

EGBERT.—Funny name, was n't it, when you consider what a bad failure he made?

BACON.—No; I think the name was very appropriate. He was stung, you know.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

WHEN it is determined that a cultivated man has n't ability enough to write a book, or paint a picture, or play some musical instrument, the obvious thing to do is to make a critic of him. —*Somerville Journal.*

JOHN JAMESON

★★★  
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W. A. TAYLOR & CO., NEW YORK.

THE man who syndicates his sorrows  
always tries to corner his bliss. —  
*Ram's Horn.*

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

A GOOD many of us will carry scars  
to our graves, earned by trying to make  
it hot for others.—*Ram's Horn.*

UNION  
PACIFIC  
OVERLAND  
MOUNTAIN LAKES

"I have seen nothing in the Alps or the  
mountain regions of the Old World to  
compare with these scenes," writes a  
noted European traveler.

In raising up the great mountains of Colorado,  
Nature provided with a lavish and artistic hand  
for the necessities and pleasures of man. In  
the midst of their most rugged configurations  
are to be found some of the most charming and  
restful spots on earth.

The popular route to  
COLORADO

is via

UNION PACIFIC

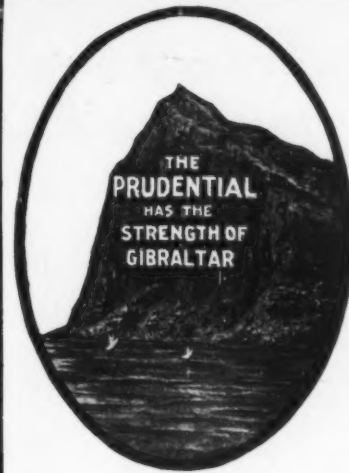
FAST TRAINS.

LOW RATES.

Be sure your tickets read over this line.

Inquire of

E. L. LOMAX, G. P. A.,  
Omaha, Neb.



"I Have One  
Kind of  
Property,"

said a man high in the business world,  
"on which I consider there is absolutely  
no hazard or risk of any kind, and that is  
my life insurance policies. I feel that I  
am taking no business chances of any sort  
in connection with them. They are the  
solitary sure thing in my entire list of  
possessions. All other business, all other  
security, is, to put it roughly, more or less  
of a gamble. I, of course, hope and expect  
to win with most of my investments,

but shall no doubt lose on some, and may on the whole. Smarter men than I  
have gone to the wall who believed themselves perfectly entrenched against adverse fortune. But on my life insurance policies I simply cannot lose; and, what is better, neither can my estate. The money is there, a goodly share of it, ready for me the date my endowments mature, and every dollar of it ready for my estate if I get through with this world to-night. Moreover, it is earning liberal dividends all the time, and every policy is worth more this year than it was last. I mean every word when I say that in taking life insurance I went into the only thing I have ever undertaken in which I ran no risk whatever. It was and is the only positively 'sure thing' I have ever assumed."



You should protect your family in the same way.  
You can arrange to do it by writing for information,  
now, while you think of it, to Dept. P.

THE PRUDENTIAL

Insurance Co. of America

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President

Home Office: NEWARK, N. J.



A WET WALK.

THE ACTOR.—There is one thing I like about a London engagement,  
even if the play be unsuccessful.

THE SALESMAN.—Which is?

THE ACTOR.—One is spared the indignity of walking home.

For busy men and women—Abbott's Angostura  
Bitters. A delightful tonic and invigorator—a health  
giver and a health preserver. All druggists.

BEST LINE TO CINCINNATI AND ST. LOUIS—NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES.

**U. S. Gov't Guarantees**



Every Dollar it Mints worth 100 Cents. It also guarantees our Whiskey which is Bottled in Bond in its Pure Natural State, under law of March 3rd, 1897, passed by Congress and signed by the President. Therefore every bottle of

**Sunny Brook**  
**STRAIGHT**  
**Whiskey**  
**BOTTLED IN BOND.**

Is bottled under direct supervision of Gov't Officials and sealed by U. S. Treasury Dept's "GREEN STAMP"—proof of its age and purity. Sunny Brook was the only Whiskey awarded Grand Prize and Gold Medal at St. Louis World's Fair. Avoid Whiskies not Guaranteed by U. S.

**SUNNY BROOK DISTILLERY CO., Jefferson County, Ky.**

LIKE A MULE.

MRS. BACON.—When my husband is stubborn, he's just like a mule.

MRS. EGBERT.—Is that so?

"Yes, when I begin to back to him up he kicks."—*Yonkers Statesmen.*

**NORTHERN PACIFIC**  
YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE

**"See America First"**  
but first of all see

**YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.**

It's America's first scenic and recreation region, the place to go to for a week, a month, or the season. Enjoy the finest coaching trip in America and the study of wonderful natural phenomena. See "Wonderland" while en route to the great Puget Sound Country on summer rates *One-Third* lower from St. Paul and Minneapolis than usual.

The Round Trip for **SIXTY DOLLARS**  
From Chicago \$75.

Write for "WONDERLAND," sent for Six Cents, and full information.

**Three Transcontinental Trains Daily**  
Including "NORTH COAST LIMITED"  
VIA  
**Northern Pacific Railway.**

A. M. CLELAND, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.



GARDINER GATEWAY

**Pears'**

"Just soap," is good enough for some, but most women insist on having Pears'. Ask some girl with a good complexion—why?

Sold by the cake and in boxes.



**CHEW... Beeman's THE ORIGINAL Pepsin Gum**

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.

All Others are Imitations.  
For Sale at Every Drug Store

**THE SAME OLD GAME.**  
The angler sallies forth again,  
And by the brooklet's shore  
Doth idly lie and fish and then  
Goes home and lies some more.  
—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

**NOT A WESTON.**

"You should take a long walk every day," the patient was advised.

"But, doctor, he protested, 'I'm too young. I'm barely 60, you know.'"  
—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

**SYMPATHETIC.**  
"Don't cry, Tommy," said the mother who was pulling the little fellow's tooth; "this hurts me more than it does you."  
"Yes, mamma," said the boy, "that's why I'm crying; I hate awfully to see you hurt!" — *Yonkers Statesman.*

**PAH!**  
"De Sport is in bad odor in society now."  
"I did n't know he had bought an auto." — *American Spectator.*

**NO IMPROVEMENT.**  
REDD.—It's a terrible thing to run out of gasoline.  
GREENE.—Why, it does n't smell then too, does it? — *Yonkers Statesman.*

**BRAND'S A-I SAUCE**



GENEUBLEIN & SONS  
Sole Agents  
HARTFORD, NEW YORK

**BRAND, THIS SAUCE IS A-I**

HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE IV APPROVING THE SAUCE, MADE BY THE ORIGINAL BRAND WHO WAS FOR MANY YEARS, CHEF TO THAT ROYAL EPICURE.

DELICIOUS WITH FISH, SOUPS, GAME, ETC., AND PARTICULARLY APPRECIATED ON WELSH RAREBITS, BROILED LOBSTER AND ENGLISH MUTTON CHOPS.

**A ROYAL RELISH**

**THE RULING PASSION.**

The trading stamp agent was before the Court.

"I'll have to hold you in \$1000 bail," remarked the Magistrate.

"All right, Judge," said the prisoner, "do you give stamps with a transaction like that?" — *Philadelphia Ledger.*

WE wonder why a man who cannot sing wants to hold onto the singing book? — *Washington Democrat.*

THE best place to fish for compliments is among people who are not so well off as you are. — *Somerville Journal.*

**I.W. HARPER RYE**  
ON EVERY TONGUE

**Aged and Respected**

With character and merit. The spirit of Kentucky hospitality; the essence of good cheer. The best whiskey for all uses. Gold medals at New Orleans, 1885; Chicago, 1893; Paris, 1900, and Grand Prize, highest award, at World's Fair, St. Louis. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

**FLAT HUNTING.**

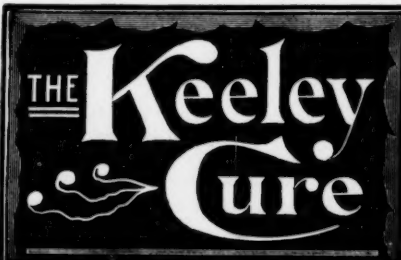
CHURCH.—Did you ever hear of such a greenhorn? He went down to Wall Street looking for a flat!

GOHAM.—Oh, well, that's all right. What was the flat's name? — *Yonkers Statesman.*

**PALMISTRY.**

THE FORTUNE TELLER.—Your fortune lies in the palm of your hand.

THE FORTUNE HUNTER.—It has never cramped my fingers to grip it. — *American Spectator.*



**for Liquor and Drug Using**

A scientific remedy which has been skillfully and successfully administered by medical specialists for the past 25 years.

At the following Keeley Institutes:

Birmingham, Ala.	Washington, D. C.	Portland, Me.	White Plains, N. Y.	Harrisburg, Pa.
Hot Springs, Ark.	211 N. Capitol St.	Lexington, Mass.	Columbus, O.	Pittsburg, Pa.
San Francisco, Cal.	Dwight, Ill.	St. Louis, Mo.	1087 N. Dearborn Ave.	4246 Fifth Ave.
1100 Market St.	Barion, Ind.	2005 Locust St.	Philadelphia, Pa.	Providence, R. I.
West Haven, Conn.	Plainfield, Ind.	North Conway, N. H.	812 N. Broad St.	Salt Lake City, Utah
	Des Moines, Ia.	Buffalo, N. Y.		



NO  
DINNER  
COMPLETE  
WITHOUT  
IT



NO  
DINNER  
COMPLETE  
WITHOUT  
IT

## LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX —GREEN AND YELLOW—

THIS FAMOUS CORDIAL, NOW MADE AT TARRAGONA, SPAIN, WAS FOR CENTURIES DISTILLED BY THE CARTHUSIAN MONKS (PÈRES CHARTREUX) AT THE MONASTERY OF LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE, FRANCE, AND KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AS CHARTREUSE. THE ABOVE CUT REPRESENTS THE BOTTLE AND LABEL EMPLOYED IN THE PUTTING UP OF THE ARTICLE SINCE THE MONKS' EXPULSION FROM FRANCE, AND IT IS NOW KNOWN AS LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX (THE MONKS, HOWEVER, STILL RETAIN THE RIGHT TO USE THE OLD BOTTLE AND LABEL AS WELL), DISTILLED BY THE SAME ORDER OF MONKS WHO HAVE SECURELY GUARDED THE SECRET OF ITS MANUFACTURE FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS AND WHO ALONE POSSESS A KNOWLEDGE OF THE ELEMENTS OF THIS DELICIOUS NECTAR.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés, Bâtjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Sole Agents for United States.

### DA COMICA MAN.

Giacomo Finelli so funny, O! My!  
By tweestin' hees face an' by weenkin' hees eye  
He maka you laugh teel you theenk you weel die,  
He don't gatta say som'theeng; all he ees do  
Ees maka da face an', how moocha you try,  
You no can help laugh w'en he lookin' at you—  
Giacomo Finelli so funny, O! My!

I deeg een da tranh weeth Giacomo wan day;  
Giacomo ees toss up da spadaful clay,  
An' beeg Irish boss he ees gat een da way!  
Da boss he ees look at Giacomo an' swear  
So bad as he can, but Giacomo, so sly,  
He maka pretand he no see he was dere—  
Giacomo Finelli so funny, O! My!

But w'en da boss turn an' ees starta for go  
Giacomo look up an' he mak' da face—So!  
I laugh an' I laugh lika deesa—Ho! ho!  
Da boss he com' back an' he poncha my head,  
He smasha my nose an' he blacka my eye—  
I no can help laugh eef I gona be dead.  
Giacomo Finelli so funny, O! My!  
—The Catholic Standard and Times.

### NOT SAFE IN NEW YORK.

CHURCH.—They say that a part of San Francisco's Chinatown is safe.  
GOTHAM.—Well, that's more than they can say of New York's Chinatown.—Yonkers Statesman.

**Shine on!**  
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by drug-gists and dealers. Send 10 stamps for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

**Bar Keepers' Friend**

## THE IDEAL OUTING BEVERAGE

A health protector as well  
as a health promoter.

## Evans' Ale

Appetizing, Refreshing,  
Rejuvenating and Wholesome.  
Equally gratifying with a solid meal  
or light repast.

Easy to Get Easy to Serve  
Always Ready

Any Dealer, Restaurant, or Hotel.  
C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.

### THE SUNNY SOUTH.

The following ode is credited to an English writer who had never visited America, but had read of the balmy days of the Southern clime:

Way down in South Dakota  
Where the cotton forest bloom,  
An' the yellow-jacket  
Sings its merry tune;  
There one Spring day I wandered  
In my winter clothes of cloth,  
And cheerily sang my little song:

O, Dakota, O, Dakota,  
My dear old South Dakota,  
Where the lily-white magnolia  
Bursts its bud;  
And the chipmunk chirps his song,  
In the summer, all day long,  
And the river's overflowing  
With the flood.

—American Spectator.

## Millions Spent to Make Clean Beer

Cleanest Manufacturing Process Known  
Is That of the Leading American Brewery.

We regard beer as a food and the business of brewing beer one of our most important industries. When we tell our readers that without exception there is no other brewery in the world so absolutely clean in its process of manufacture as Pabst, we speak from exact knowledge of conditions. The monster Pabst Brewery at Milwaukee represents an outlay of millions of dollars and many of those millions have been expended to make the Pabst exclusive process absolutely clean. Pabst Beer stands alone to-day, the only food product that from the beginning to the end of its manufacture is absolutely beyond reach of even the contaminating germs of the air.

Doctors boil their instruments in water to sterilize them. Pabst boils his brew in closed kettles and thus sterilizes it. From there it passes through sterilized pipes to sterilized hermetically sealed tanks where it is fermented. Then through more sterilized pipes it goes to sterilized hermetically sealed storage tanks and when bottled it is pasteurized. Throughout the entire process it never is touched by human hands and comes in contact only with sterilized air. No other food product known can show such a record of positive cleanliness.

This process of manufacture is the exclusive Pabst method. It is one reason for the "always the same, always the best" reputation of Pabst Beer.

The cleanest beer and the richest beer, Pabst Beer has no equal as a mild, refreshing, healthful beverage.



For Vacation Fun and Music You Need an

## Improved Edison Phonograph

THE Phonograph solves the problem of music and entertainment in the summer home or camp. Don't fail to make one a member of your vacation party.

No matter where you go, you can transport a veritable theatre with you. Around the camp-fire, on the launch, or at the farm, the Phonograph is ever ready to entertain you with the world's best music. Rainy days yield hours of pleasure.

Evenings can be spent listening to whatever kind of vocal or instrumental music suits your fancy, or the Phonograph will provide music for a two-step on the veranda or a reel on Nature's carpet.

### NEW SERIES OF GRAND OPERA RECORDS

The success of the first series of Edison Grand Opera Records surpassed our most sanguine expectations. The second series of ten is fully equal to if not better than the first. They consist of favorite selections from standard grand opera rendered in French, German, and Italian, by Constantino, Knote, van Rooy, Scotti, Berti, Dippel, Resky, and Signora Resky. Now on sale at all dealers.



TRADE MARK  
Thomas A. Edison

Hear the Edison Phonograph at the dealer's free of charge. Write for Booklet "Home Entertainment With the Edison Phonograph," and name of nearest dealer.

National Phonograph Co., 43 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.  
New York: 31 Union Square

### GETTING INFORMED.

The student of sociology handed the tramp a cigar. He wanted to learn about how such people viewed life.

"Are you happy?" he asked.

The tramp shifted into a sunny spot. "I should smile," he answered, blowing a cloud; "too late to shuffle snow, too early to trim lawns, nobody putting in coal, and once in a while a sucker studying social conditions." — Philadelphia Ledger.

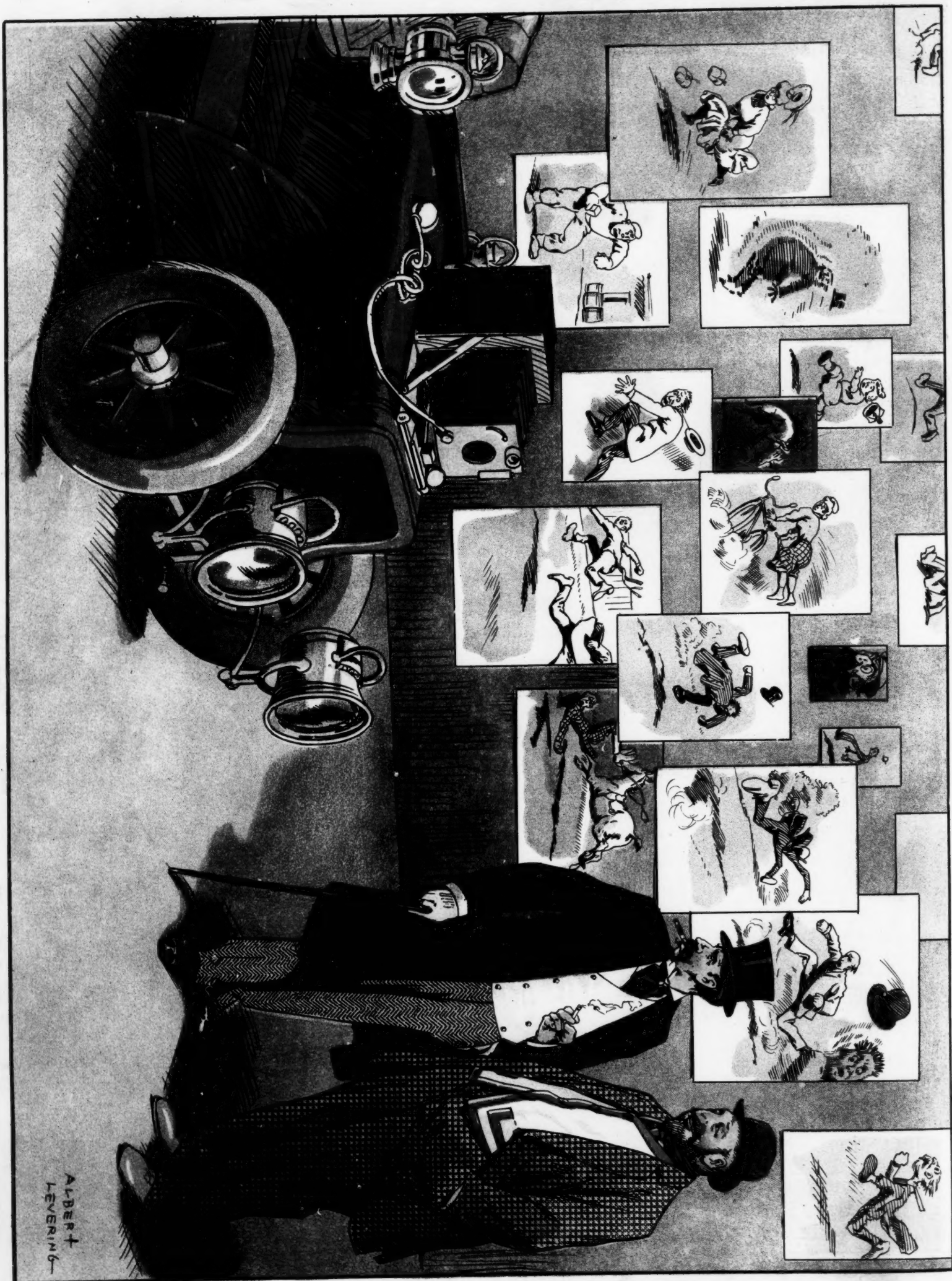


URGENT.

MR. COOPAH.—Got mah razors honed yit, Sam?

MR. JOHNSING.—Nopey.

MR. COOPAH.—Well, I wants 'em quick. I got two picnics, fo' moonlight excursions an' five pahties comin' off disher month.



JUST A HARMLESS FAD.

VISITOR (*in private garage*).—What's that camera on your auto for, Jim?  
ENTHUSIASTIC MOTORIST.—Oh, it's just a little fad of mine—snapshots of the way folks look before I hit 'em.  
You've no idea what a zest it adds to speeding.